



PAPIS

THE DEVIL MADE ME DO IT

› Scarface Groove

[Paris]

Hail to the man with the righteous groove
So sick that it makes you move
Closer to the speaker, never weaker
Lines on time and I rhyme Malika
Lot of knowledge on the microphone when I speak
Rabbit MC's I love to eat
Shockin with the rhyme, gettin sicker with time
I'm comin way too real and I'm blowin your mind
I'm tearin sh*t up, I won't let up, you need to get up
And out and on the floor, cause I'm fed up
With rhymes and words that's weak that's wack, absurd
Pollutin the airwaves, too often heard
I come through with the rhymes, so true blue with the rhymes
I eat you with the rhymes, and on and on and in time I'm
Movin with the smooth the groove that some consider dangerous
And you're playin this, I ain't new to this

{*scratching*}

[Paris]

Yeah... it's a Scarface Groove

Paris is the name and I'm here to get sick
I mean I'm stronger than a tiger and I'm down with the click
While makin sure my song is deffer with an 808 kick
And now you know it, I'm a poet, and I'm harder than a brick
I makin over 3 G's a day, and you say
That Mad's cuttin like a blade over sucker DJ
Start shinin all the time that I'mma standin on stage
It's a Scarface mob and we're sicker than AIDS
What I wrote, is no joke, there's no hope
It's too dope, you're gettin broke by a cutthroat
While bein killed is the price you're billed
There's no time to rhyme and no time to build
Steadily the melody plays, and steadily ba**
Is in the place, is in your face, with grace
Sensation and finishin the suckers with my sentencin
You get excited as the rhyme begins, you're goin

{*scratching*}

[Paris]

Smooth... with the Scarface Groove

This the Scarface Groove

Yeah, it's the Scarface Groove, y'all

Startin to sweat, I know it's hard to breathe

Rhymes are on time so you better believe

The style, sick of the style, cause the style is wild

I couldn't never be mild, and now I'll begin

To advance in a b-boy stance

The underground sound makes you clap your hands

It's the B-A-Y, do or die

Born to freestyle, born to rise

And now I'll keep on rockin the beat on

No one comin up short capiche on the mic

You're scared, runnin from the man you fear

P-Dog is sick boy, you better beware

The man X-Rated, rated X the man

Is comin through with the jams that keep you clappin your hands

While I'm movin nonstop and the party is smooth

One hundred below ice cold, it's a Scarface Groove

Yeah, it's a Scarface Groove

It's a Scarface Groove, y'all

Y'knahmsayin? It's a Scarface Groove

{*scratched: "I'll play the 9 and you play the target"*}

[Paris]

Debutin I'll do it for sure by comin through

And never stoppin hip-hop, I just drop, MC's are ruined

Now I'm teachin when I'm talkin so that you'll get taught

Makin sense so intense is the record you bought

I'm stronger, strokin 'em longer

Stickin them, dope MC's go under

Keepin 'em down with the Scarface sound

Swimmin 9 millimeter laps, MC's'll drown

Keep talkin that bullsh*t, you might get housed

Smacked in your mouth, P's turnin it out

Money stackin and mackin is what I'm talkin about

I'm never playin, or bulllllsh*ttin

The rhyme'll go colder than ice, but get hotter than coals

Big soul on a roll and only 20 years old
Keep it goin non-stop and the party is sore
And I'm movin, smooth again, Scarface is on

Yeah, Scarface is on
Scarface is on
Yeah, Scarface is on

[Verse 1]

Too many sounds irritate my earholes
Like Planet Rock beats from L.A. hoes
The same old thing, same old sh*t I'm tired
Was once on the payroll about to be fired
Black radio shame, pop rap's to blame
Program your playlist to sound the same
With a disco tempo, cliché intro
Wack rap tracks for commercial shows
Mindless music for the ma**es has to take
Time away from the real rap master
So I'll stay cool for community airplay
While ratings slip for the sh*t that you play
This is a test a lesson to be observed
No wack rhymes are heard I keep on raising the curve
Back and forth I never stick I'm soft I just run it
Punks'll shun it, gangs keeping girlies on it
Paris is the dog, much dooper than morphine
Sick with the style so you can say you've seen
The radical magical man, master of master plan
So smooth from beginning to end
This is a test, back it up when I'm in the place
And all hail to the dog with the righteous ba**
The boss I come across rough on your radio wave
Terror on two-track whenever I'm played
Punks keep stepping that's the reason why I
Come through sicker than a L.A. drive-by
By dropping bombs in songs y'all keep singing along
So smooth it couldn't never go wrong
This is a test

[Verse 2]

Yo dig

When you buy a rap record do you buy it for dance moves
Or do you buy rap cause the lyrics are smooth
Cause if you wanna dance you should stick with the other one
And leave the dog alone till the dancing is done
But then when you're ready for the brother who leads
And feeds all rap lovers with rhymes like these
I dish a little taste of the ba** of Scarface
And pace the rhyme space to chase the weak-kneed

Cause I don't play -- Well my name ain't [Cool J]

Or A-T-C, or N.W.A

I'm Paris, the Asiatic lord of light

With the power to fight and write rhymes to stay

Cause I'm hotter than lava when I be up on a microphone

By now you should know it the poet's doper than most

By dispensing of ignorance and by keeping the wack down

You enter to the realm of the Scarface sound

This is a test

› Panther Power

[Intro]

"So the concept is this, basically
The whole black nation has to be put together as a BLACK ARMY
And we gon' walk on this nation, we gon' walk on this racist
Power structure, and we gon' say to the whole damn government -
STICK 'EM UP MOTHERF**KER! THIS IS A HOLD UP!
We come for what's ours."

[Verse 1]

Yo black it's time to set stage and guidelines
Ten point program, freeze the genocide
Round the posse to protect the people and
Regulate and keep straight the man
Clear the way for P-Dog the militant
Made to steer and care for the indigent
Power to the people is a serious concept
Panthers prowls when I say to step
Pigs today'll end up like prey
Like Hutton I'm never lettin 'em get in my way (word)
"Soul on Ice," what I won't be played like
Pigs and house nigs are set in my sight
C*ck the gat, for P the pro-black
On to harm and alarmed at the format
News goin' out to a racist cop
The first motherf**ker steps up, gets shot
This is Panther Power

[Scratches]

"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power, you can feel it in your arm"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power, you can feel it in your arm"

[Verse 2]

Now hear the growl, I'm proud to be black
Built to step up and not to step back
Too full grown to allow a gay move

Step to the dog and I show and prove
Ten point program jams that flow and
Pigs end belly up, stopped in motion
Who's more brutal than a panther unleashed?

Paris, made to keep the peace
Some duck style when I come inside
Bougies'll pray I get played and fried
But I'm too smart to start with the cold feet
No-Doz shows, the P don't sleep
Comin to the place all in your cave when
Panther Power protects the citizen
Come on, step for the movement
DJ Mad, hit 'em with that Panther Power

[Scratches]

"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power, you can feel it in your arm"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power, you can feel it in your arm"

[Interlude]

[Verse 3]

Now, who that thought they could stop
The crown chief leader of the movement, watch
When I say build, I mean come correct black
Cause I see straight and I don't play tag
Step to this and end up like Axl
Devils all and P-Dog attacks ya
Panther Power keeps punks from runnin up
Play the front and you might get stomped
Witness this, the original man
Made of earth, cream of the motherland
Black and strong and not down to half-step
Piece is kept, police are ripped
P don't plea, it's a new direction
Strength and unity, peace, protection
One for Huey and the movement won't die
And the strong survive, the Panther Power

[Scratches]

"Panther Power on the hour"

"Panther Power on the hour"

"Panther Power on the hour"

"Panther Power, you can feel it in your arm"

"Panther Power on the hour"

"Panther Power on the hour"

"Panther Power on the hour"

"Panther Power, you can feel it in your arm"

{*police radio, mixed with sounds of a panther growling*}

[Outro]

"Revolution has come! Off the pigs!"

"Time to pick up the gun! Off the pigs!"

› Break the Grip of Shame

[Verse 1]

Enter into a new realm, a new dimension
Pay close attention
And witness knowledge born on the microphone
For the people that I call my own
Remember back when good rap was just a cool dance hit
Even though it wasn't saying (sh*t)
Well them days is gone I don't play that
Pick the punk and I'll say like wack
Stick with the sick style for the serious
Hip-Hop lovers can't get enough of this
Black tracks on wax are so smooth
You can't get help but the thought to move
This is a call and a plea for unity
Black is back uplift and be free
Keep pushin, our movement moves on.. so strong, now

[Verse 2]

With a raised fist I resist
I don't burn, so don't you dare riff
Or step to me, I'm strong and black and proud
And for the (bullsh*t) I ain't down
Life in the city's already rough enough
Without some young sucka runnin up
You don't know me, so don't step
I roll to the right and then bust your lip
Paris is my name, I don't sleep
I drop science, and keep the peace
Here to bust this for better justice
Another dope Scarface release
This is a serious style for the gifted
Pro-black radical rap's uplifting
Still growing, the power's so strong
You can't stop it, now

[Interlude]

"We declare our right on this earth to be a man, to be a human being, to be respected as a human being, to be given the rights of a human being in this society, on this earth, in this day, which we intend to bring into existence by any means necessary."

[Verse 3]

Alright, let's start some mo' (sh*t)
Straight up on the movement tip
With forces strong as Allah's my third eye
Black is back and P-Dog'll never die
Who said that you can't do this
Can't be wise or be for the movement
Games I won't have so don't you play none
You'll see why when I'm gone
Skinheads end up dead cause I don't play
Brothers swarm under the form of Scarface
Round up, roll out, we'll roll em up like Rolo's
I stomp sixteen solo
Straight for the jugular, hope that I don't
Swarm and bust a cap by night so
You just keep your place cause I won't stop
I'll keep pushin that movement rock when I

› Warning

[Verse 1]

Yo, a sissy cop in the hood
Shakin a brother down, thinkin he ain't no good
"What's your name, what you standin here for?
Thought I told ya not to come around no more"
Man I wasn't doin' nothin', why ya f**kin wit me?
Shut up punk don't question authority!
Up against the wall, hands in the air
Just wants the punk to fear
Right about then mo' suckas came around
Put the young brother into the ground
Hollerin talkin that ignorant bullsh*t
Grabbin his arm, tryin to break his wrist
A god damn shame and he's only thirteen
Five to one is a pu**y's dream
But yo man I ain't goin out like that
Young G to the house and get the gat
Then BOOM BOOM BOOM now sh*t is equalized
Will when you suckas realize?
Black people simply ain't havin that
We just hit back

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]

Once again my friend, I try
To help improve another brother's life
By coming through with the righteous groove
Tells right from wrong, makes people move
Not idiot crossover songs
That appeal to all and make you sing along, no
This one is for the chosen few
Who want to build and uplift my people too, so
Listen to the words I speak
Cause the words are truth and truth's what I teach
By talkin' bout the things that I see
When talkin' bout this color called ebony

[Interlude]

It's ebony

[Verse 2]

Not sellin' drugs, I'm above a thug
Killin' off his own, tryin' to make a buck, no
That ain't the way it's done today
Gotta come together, gotta educate
Gotta, uplift, lift up your head
Stand strong and proud, don't end up dead
Take time to make that move
Be sure to be straight and you'll improve
Live long, be strong, and you'll see
That better is a life lived long and carefree
Just stay on a righteous path
You'll see the truth and won't have to ask why
I don't make the rhymes that say
How ignorant brothers act nowadays
I just talk about the things that I see
When talkin' 'bout this color called ebony

[Interlude]

It's ebony

Now break

Smooth

[Verse 3]

Now I want y'all to listen, see what you're missin'

What lacks in the compet**ion is

Strong words, of pride and unity

I'm glad that y'all in tune to me

I'm here to let y'all know

P-Dog is sick and I'll run the show

By talkin' 'bout the things that I see

When talkin' 'bout this color called ebony

[Interlude]

It's ebony

Smooth

[Verse 1]

Paris is my name, I flows with ease
Cash checks, breaks necks and wrecks MC's
Who ain't down with the sound of the Panther Movement
Intense is a serious answer
The mic goes into labor you freeze up
Enveloped by the style that sounds so ROUGH
Rehearsal weak verses potent as cyanide
A million and a half shot keepin you high
But I don't sell cause what you're sellin is never sold
Or dealed by the REAL mack brothers of old
Naw, I just devise a wise new formula
To keep you in tune without sellin my soul
In 1930, it all began
With a movement comprised of intelligent black men
Led by Allah in the form of Farad
But later by the last true prophet of God
Elijah, Muhammad, a dominant black leader
Of The Lost/Found Asiatic Pack
And later by Malcolm, whose point was straight
Stressing a black nationalistic state
Of self-sufficiency on a mission he
Stressed thrift and pride and good sense
Killed in cold blood but the sh*t ain't done with
Switch to Oaktown, '66
See Huey Newton, and Cleveland Seale
Sons of Malcolm with intent to kill
And end the brutality inflicted on us by cops
Best believe I won't stop
Teachin science in step with Farrakhan
Drop a dope bomb, word to Islam
Keeps my brothers up on it cause I'm black
And now you know, I'm BRUTAL
(explosion)

[Verse 2]

Callin' all brothers to order, P-Dog'll slaughter
Stomp rip and choke those who thought a
Young black man wasn't capable of the intellect
Of gainin' respect, without sellin', so check

I'm Paris, six feet two, deadly as ice
But twice as nice with, the power to fight boy
So listen I'm tellin' y'all, the warnin', the Final Call
We're headin', for Armageddon, it's like that
The government's policy see, is tactical genocide
How many must die chasin a chemical high?
How much killin and murderin mayhem more can we stand
Before we fold, black man, so take a stand
Listen up drug dealer, wha**up with that?
Hope I don't bust a cap, straight in your MOTHERF**KIN a**
For pushin' poison to youth, I'm through with talkin' I'm steppin' up
With gat point blank at your motherf**kin' mug
I'm P-R-O, B-L-A-C-K
Stompin' and crushin' to mush, any lush, in my way
I'm educated and strong, always right and no wrong
With many bullets of a Bensonhurst, come on along
It's like that y'all, and I won't QUIT
Keepin' y'all fresh on the movement tip
With F.O.I. at my side, we're never slippin' or nap
We always come sick with it, bustin' serious caps
There's no, bullsh*t, and yo look, this is the danger zone
You shouldn't have stepped to it, you shouldn't have come alone
You shouldn't have ever thought, the movement was soft
Don't you know P-Dog'll never stop
I'm BRUTAL!

[Verse 1]

This is a warning, another cut to move on
Another beat that's so strong
Hold on and I get wicked and then some
Stir up sh*t as the wit gets wisdom
P-Dog comin' up, I'm straight loc
Pro-black and it ain't no joke
Comin' straight from the mob that broke sh*t last time
Now I'm back with a brand new sick rhyme
So black check time and tempo
Revolution ain't never been simple
Followin' the path of Mao and Fanon just
Build your brain and we'll soon make progress
Paid your dues, don't snooze or lose
They came with the masterplan that got you
So know who's opposed to the dominant dark skin
Food for thought as a law for the brother man

[Verse 2]

P-Dog with a gift from heaven
Tempo 116.7
Keeps you locked in time with the program
When I get wild I pile on dope jams
Then spit on your flag and government
Cause help the black was a concept never meant
N***a please, foodstamps and free cheese
Can't be the cure for a sick disease
Just the way the devil had planned it
Rape then pillage everyone on the planet
Then give 'em fake gods at odds with Allah
Love thy enemy and all that hoopla
Hear close to the words I wrote
Crack, cocaine are genocide on black folk
Who in their right mind ever coulda missed this?
Damn right when you think seditious
And I move swiftly, you can't get with me
The triple six moved quick but missed me
When I came off involved in conscience
So don't ask why next time I start this

[Verse 3]

Now let's get wild, allow me to freestyle
I build and fill your mind up with know-how
A common sense, a defense the next time
A pig tried to step to this, listen
Never let someone whoop on ya
They don't belong to the set you from
Ya can't be intrigued by the leads a pig lead
Unless you don't give a f**k to be free
Keep stompin' on, I keep stompin'
Att**ude but I ain't from Compton
I can't be f**ked around or muffed around
I can't be held down, check the sound
And keep in tuned on point on target
The revolution won't be thwarted
A setback cause my man it's plain to see
Must end all white supremacy
So let the rhythm roll on when I kick this
Brothers gonna work it out with a quickness
And now you know just why a panther went crazy
The devil made me

Beware the beast man, for he is the
Devil's pawn. He kills for sport, or lust or greed
Yea, he will murder his brother to possess
His brother's land. Shun him, for he is the
Harbinger of death

› The Hate That Hade Made

[Paris]

June 6th in the time of six o'clock
Hot summer night in the city of hard knocks
Two black brothers took a walk in the Southside
Could've been any brother lookin for a dope ride
Seein a white girl wasn't in the plan
But the plan had plans of it's own for a brother man
A bad case of the right place at the right time
Makes you just ask why?
I guess you suppose you know what a n***a do
To a female that was meant for you
Jealous cause your girlfriend screwin a black man
So you bust caps on an innocent bystand
But I guess we all look the same
A God damn shame you don't know my name
Musta just been two blacks so the payback
Fit the ID for someone like me
But you see I don't think like you do
I come much sicker with the retribut'
Rollin twenty-five deep, troop down in a parking lot
Ready movin steady when I bust your spot, huh
You dumb motherf**kers just don't know me
You don't control me, so leave me lonely
Step and be prone to a cap to the dome
I don't quit (gunshot) I'll start tearin up sh*t
This is a Scarface set and no snakes allowed
Keep the pace ready set brothers rollin out
Packin a Mac-10, strapped and capped in
Now who's to blame, for the hate that hate made?

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]

As I flow, into the rhyme much smoother
I keep the pace and add ba** for you to
Be able to experience the strength of God
On your tape with a break that I make to part
The weak-kneed hippie MC's and wannabes
From the Dog, so they can't see me
I'm movin' swifter with the gift to lift ya
I don't step light, I don't talk sh*t
You suckers are all in, to try is suicide
I roll with the flow 'cause I'm qualified
To keep the peace and teach y'all to get along
Build my rep and step to the song
From jazz to hip-hop, the Dog'll never stop
Get busy to the melodies that I concoct
When the raps are spit the grits stack like bricks
And you're please to receive P's hip-hop fix

[Interlude]

On the jazz tip
Smoother and smoother
And you don't stop

[Verse 2]

It's a mellow madness in the summer time
Females outside, enjoyin' the sunshine
Kickin' it live with the knob on ten
Good food and mood is the peace my friend
Much brotherhood because it's understood
That everyone in the sun is about the good
Lifestyle, and while some came to shine
Don't matter cause the other brothers know the time
I'm the P, D-O-G and I'm swift
Son of Shabazz, shooter of the gift
To keep y'all steppin' to the beat in real time
Mad on the mix complementin' the rhyme
With oh so smooth cuts flowin' like mercury
Keeps you suckers knowin' that you'll never be servin' me

I don't sleep and I do not sing
I drop math in your path cause I have to bring
You on a jazz tip

[Interlude]

Yeah

So smooth in the summer time

DJ Mad Mike y'all

(scratching)

Smooth

[Verse 3]

Birth is given to the knowledge when I recite
Smooth words that keep y'all hype
Not down with the meaningless babble that some spit
I'm paid to degrade that ignorant sh*t
With the "so proud, so strong" message of the Nation
Can't be dropped or stopped, so don't come
With the intent to present a argument
I don't tolerate it, so don't act dumb
I'ma roll, over those who oppose
The speech when I teach y'all to reach your goal
Be strong and carry on and play the song
And listen to the lyrics and you'll never go wrong
As-salamu alaykum, brothers I'ma take 'em
Straight through the path that I'm makin'
And coexist in bliss peace and righteousness
So smooth on a jazzy tip like this

[Interlude]

Yeah

And you don't stop

Peace

[Paris]

Rougher than a rusty razor, he'll amaze ya
Mixin dope tricks that stick like Frasier
Cue the wheels of spin then begins to blend
Scarface in the house again
Bambi DJ'sll pray when he plays
Won't hit or skip I might phase
Suckers still suck and duckin uppercuts
Strike three MC's are blazed
Born to beat back the blows of feedback
A sissy strivin still sounds so wack
Can't compare or come close to purity
Mad's the man, MC's agree
The bully bruisin misusin turnstyles
Keeps the mix on beat for me while
I spit and cold bust the keynote
Mad's on a roll with the sickest show now

(scratching)

Yeah, smooth

{*"Ya don't stop!" - "C'mon"*}

{*"Black is back" .. "keep on singin"

"Fight the power!" .. "keep on singin"

"Do the right thing" .. "keep on singin"

"Word to the mother!" .. "keep on singin"*}

{*"Rock.." - scratched repeatedly*}

{*"Girl I'll house you.." - repeat 4X

"You in my hut now"*}

{*Mad Mike scratches*}

{*"DJ".. "Mad!".. "Huh, what?".. "Tear sh*t up"

"DJ".. "Mad!".. "Say what?".. "Cuttin like a blade"

"DJ".. "Mad!".. "So.. so.. so sick"

"DJ".. "Mad!".. "Sicker than AIDS"*}

{*"Break it on down.." - repeat 3X*}

{*"Hit me!" - scratched repeatedly*}

[Paris]

By now you know Mad's made to mutilate

Crush and devastate, move and educate

Weak wack watered-down welfare DJ's..

.. tryin to get what he plays

Call me Paris, sex check the Rolex

We came to stomp and chomp bones of broke necks

So smooth with the movement rhythm tracks

I'm not worried that you'll be back, just..

Listen.. let him play..

{*Mad Mike scratches*}

Mad!.. sh*t.. yeah.. Mad..

Smooth..

› Escape From Babylon

"I'm saying to you, that you will in a few minutes
Hear, from the man, who is taking the place
Of real black leadership, who will answer the call
For true freedom, justice, and equality in America
Well now, do you understand?"

[Verse 1]

Brethren heed the call of enlightenment
Of truth, Asiatic discipline's frightenin
Some who act dumb embraced by decadence
The weak in the wake of true black militants
Hear the call and all heed the savior
Praise Allah cause in his image he made ya
The cream, Asiatic earth-born man-child
Freedom's comfort for some but meanwhile
Young brothers just don't realize
Cocaine's the plan, the devil derived
Produced and let loose to youth for profit
Fake so-called negroes won't stop it
Witness lies fed straight to the brother man
Hopes are lost to the malevolent gameplan
Annihilation of original citizens
Of this great planet Earth, listen
P-Dog spits the dope words born
Batterram's rollin task force swarm
Pigeons squawk with the talk of a new high
Controlled by the man whose plan is genocide
Intense is a sense of ignorance
When the wack can't get with the pro-black
Program that's designed to enduce thought
Rhymes ya bought keep Panthers taught
Punks stay put, skinheads are flatfoot
Keys are played as I stay on route
Down the path of the righteous chosen
Word is born as the wack stay frozen
Locked in time, mindset is Babylon
P's the martyr while MC's babble on
Letter sixteen is me and some see
I freeze and snuff MC's like pipe dreams
Makin a mark with the start of the movement

Tracks in fact weak wack can't do this
Tooth decay cause the fake been snoozin'
Lead the lost and the cost is you've been
Freed from lies by the wise new messenger
P-A-R-I-S is a blessin' ya
Can't underestimate or recreate
The sounds of Scarface, let the man BREAK!

[Interlude]

"There is no in-between - you are either free or you're a slave
There's no such thing as second-cla** citizenship."
"The only politics in this country that's relevant to black people
Today is the politics of revolution. None other."

[Verse 2]

Which brings us to the next move
It's a simple case of show and tell or rather show and prove
Of made up gang moves and foolish fairy tales
Said by sissies, to snatch the record sales
So when you see me just say I told ya
My rhymes'll hold ya and mold ya to soldiers
And train your brains with the pride and the insight
To do what's right, yo black, it's yo' life!
Once upon a time called now we start this
A chosen one came forth from the darkness
To lead the lost for the cost of a beat tape
And make the blind see straight 'fore it's too late
I can't wait time's quickly runnin out
Call to arms, revolution's in the house
Unforgettable the words of wisdom
Brought to life by the ten point system
One: Freedom and power to determine our destiny
Two: Full employment for the black community
Three: Fight the capitalist with a raised fist
B-U-Y Black and stack awareness
Four: Decent housing for the shelter of human beings
Five: Education and truth for the black youth
Six: All black men exempt from military service
Hear my words and get nervous
Seven: A quick end to police brutality
Death of blacks at the hands of the P.D
Eight: Release of all black men who are held in prison;
Guilty 'fore proven innocent

Nine: Black juries when our brothers are tried in court

And in addition to all his we want

Ten: Land bread and housing and education

Clothing justice and peace for the black nation

[Paris]

Again I start this, but I'll add a new twist
So the ma**es can't resist
The message brought by a Panther strictly
To relieve the disease of the sickly
So long your mind's been trapped
Slave, cause you're shamed to be black
Ignorant of the purpose of the
Plan to keep the black man down under
So I'll address y'all this time
Make a statement that's on my mind
Brothers scared of revolution should be
Thinkin of the way that we could be
Miss blue eyes, how'd you do that?
Tried to put him in but the skin is still black
Thinkin of a way to escape the darkness
See the weave and indeed I start this - off!

"Black is black is black is black" - off!

"Black is black is black is black"

[Paris]

S-E-D-I-T-I-O-N

In the mood of the move I'm showin
See the way the cliches have been torn
Cold spittin facts to the miracle earth born
So what's your next move, black?
Go to school or maybe join a frat
Still you seem lost, the mind is brainwashed
It can't be good cause your mind's the cost
So flip on your Young MC
Or Jazzy Jeff or whatever the case be
Mindless music for the ma**es makes ya
Think less of the one that hates ya
Then trained to respect the game
And you turn your back on a black with the same claim
Oh blessed but you guess they mean less
Because another brother can't afford to dress
The way you do but who said you're all that?
Made a little money now your skin ain't black?

C'mon I don't think your sh*t don't stink
You can't run from the one whose primal instinct
Is to fought the words I taught ya
Thought you moved quick but I just caught ya
Now you try to say that you don't remember me
I'm P-Dog from the B.P. posse
Or a mob, that's known as Scarface
Pro-black, and some think pro-hate
But in fact it's a call for unity
Heed the plea of weak we're soon to be
Move, start this..
"Black is black is black is black"
Enter, the darkside..
"Black is black is black is black"
DJ..
Yeah.. funky..
Dance..

[Paris]
Now who did you think that you were steppin to
Once your job came through
Don't get big cause I caught your accent
Shoulda been real but you wanted ma** appeal
Next time you might think of this
Might remember why I'm above this
But for now my brother I'll say
Peace on the positive tip there's a new way

› Break the Grip of Shame (The Final Call)

[Verse 1]

Enter into a new realm, a new dimension
Pay close attention
And witness knowledge born on the microphone
For the people that I call my own
Remember back when good rap was just a cool dance hit
Even though it wasn't saying (sh*t)
Well them days is gone I don't play that
Pick the punk and I'll say like wack
Stick with the sick style for the serious
Hip-Hop lovers can't get enough of this
Black tracks on wax are so smooth
You can't get help but the thought to move
This is a call and a plea for unity
Black is back uplift and be free
Keep pushin, our movement moves on.. so strong, now

[Verse 2]

With a raised fist I resist
I don't burn, so don't you dare riff
Or step to me, I'm strong and black and proud
And for the (bullsh*t) I ain't down
Life in the city's already rough enough
Without some young sucka runnin up
You don't know me, so don't step
I roll to the right and then bust your lip
Paris is my name, I don't sleep
I drop science, and keep the peace
Here to bust this for better justice
Another dope Scarface release
This is a serious style for the gifted
Pro-black radical rap's uplifting
Still growing, the power's so strong
You can't stop it, now

[Interlude]

"We declare our right on this earth to be a man, to be a human being, to be respected as a human being, to be given the rights of a human being in this society, on this earth, in this day, which we intend to bring into existence by any means necessary."

[Verse 3]

Alright, let's start some mo' (sh*t)
Straight up on the movement tip
With forces strong as Allah's my third eye
Black is back and P-Dog'll never die
Who said that you can't do this
Can't be wise or be for the movement
Games I won't have so don't you play none
You'll see why when I'm gone
Skinheads end up dead cause I don't play
Brothers swarm under the form of Scarface
Round up, roll out, we'll roll em up like Rolo's
I stomp sixteen solo
Straight for the jugular, hope that I don't
Swarm and bust a cap by night so
You just keep your place cause I won't stop
I'll keep pushin that movement rock when I

› The Hate That Hate Made (Power of God mix)

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]

June Sixth in the time of six o'clock
Hot summer night in the city of hard knocks
Two black brothers took a walk in the Southside
Could've been any brother lookin' for a dope ride
Seein' a white girl wasn't in the plan
But the plan had plans of it's own for a brother man
A bad case of the right place at the right time
Makes you just ask, "Why?"
I guess you suppose you know what a n***a do
To a female that was meant for you
Jealous cause your girlfriend screwin' a black man
So you bust caps on an innocent bystand
But I guess we all look the same
A goddamned shame you don't know my name
Musta just been too black so the payback
Fit the ID for someone like me
But you see I don't think like you do
I come much sicker with the retribute
Rollin twenty-five deep, troop down in a parking lot
Ready movin' steady when I bust your spot, huh
You dumb motherf**kers just don't know me
You don't control me, so leave me lonely
Step and be prone to a cap to the dome
I don't quit (gunshot) when I start tearin' up sh*t
This is a Scarface set and no snakes allowed
Keep the pace ready set brothers rollin' out
Packin' a Mac-10, strapped and capped him
Now who's to blame, for the hate that hate made?

[Verse 2]

Warned once before, avoid the hardcore
Vigilante punk-police encore anthem
Just made by the panther noir
Step aside 'cause my rhythm's the guide and I go far
Introduced, let loose to the public
Stepped to this but ya missed and I bust quick
With rounds of rapid fire, sharper than barbed wire
Shouldn'ta done this, so now I'm run sh*t, huh

P-Dog, original Earth-born
Cream and I mean I'm mean 'cause I've been torn
Apart since youth, no truth in Babylon
'Scuse me, USA, but I ain't wrong
So you say blue eyes and slim hips are hip
'Cause blondes have more fun n' sh*t
But I guess I just must be the black sheep
Or better yet white sheep, beauty's skin deep
So make way for the good gut with the black hat
My first two words was "F**k That"
Ain't light enough so you think I don't know
But this ain't no, gorilla sideshow
But then maybe it is when it's spelled with a U-E
Instead of an O 'cause I Boozee
Down at point-blank range when ya think that
The black was with that inferior format
So I spit, fold the grits and stay paid
And I won't stray from the path Allah laid
F**kin' up because I ain't no slave
I just say, it's the Hate That Hate Made